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Trista Mateer in the Boston Airport

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Trista Mateer in the Boston Airport

By: Autumn Franz

I didn't have enough money for a month's supply of hard liquor
So I am running away again, buying peach tea in the shop near gate six
Just to get a taste of you, just remnants of that stubborn mouth.
Honeybee, this is not a simple act of extinction. I have to get out of this city
where you and I could run into each other in the grocery store or on afternoon train.
There is no room for us here. I am angry and bitter and by the time I come home
You'll be in California with your calloused fingers and Marlboro cigarettes.

I imagine you will wash the sheets without missing the scent
of my violet shampoo, or the bite of my salt stained lips.
You will sleep in a different bed with none of my lipstick on the pillows.
I will want to call, hear your voice in the mailbox, but instead I'll make coffee
and try to avoid my mother's awful questions
when she finds your love notes crumbled in my not so tender hands.
I'll learn how to crave absence, not your fucking body.
My poems say more about you kissing my forehead than they will ever tell about me.